

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

JUNE 1956



What's the Matter with the Human Race? (p. 52)



HOW THE ONE-TENTH LIVES — Indian women peer through the bamboo fence of a great estate. Not money alone but dress, folkways, schooling, divide the 90% — Central America peasants — from the upper class.



Father Francis Rebol, of Cleveland, Ohio, baptizes a refugee in Hong Kong.

Hillside of Hope

**He won the better half
of a great big wishbone.**

BY ANTHONY MALONEY, C.P.

■ THE FULL-THROATED roar of a giant airliner taking off from nearby Kai-tak airport drowned out Father Trube's voice. But the baptismal ceremony went on at the

Bishop Ford Memorial Center. Baptized that September day were 125 Chinese refugees; the total of converts for 1955 was over 800.

Father Howard Trube, of New York City, founder of the Center, has established an enviable record in the past three years. When he first moved into the area, he lived in a rented room and had only 15 Catholics. Today he has 2,555.

A long, one-story building of local granite now dominates what

had once been a barren hilltop. The structure serves as both school and chapel. Maryknoll's Brother Albert, architect of the building, designed an ingenious swivel arrangement whereby the school desks become pews merely by moving a small block of wood attached under each desk. Kneel-

ers, stacked at the side, are rapidly put in place. Were you to step into the building during morning Mass, you would think it served only as a church. Yet less than half an hour after the people have left, you could go back and find a well-organized school — 504 boys and girls in several classrooms, grades one to six inclusive.

This school has proven a major factor in the surge of conversions. Now, in an effort to meet the needs, a second similar building is getting under way; when completed it will accommodate an additional enrollment of 450 children.

Recently ordained Chinese priests, Fathers Peter Cham and Joachim Chen, are Father Trube's assistants. Two Maryknoll Sisters devote themselves to the instruction of women and children who are preparing for baptism; they run a milk depot for the poor and watch over the women's sodality. There are many lay helpers.

All day long, and well into the

night, there is plenty of activity in this refugee mission. There is a daily clinic, made possible by the volunteer services of some thirty Chinese doctors and thirty-five registered nurses.

Once a week a dentist gives his services without charge. Father Trube's problem is finding money to pay hospital bills

for the poor who ask his help.

Seeking to make his people self-supporting, Father Trube has organized a number of small cooperatives; these furnish a livelihood for some 700 people. Members weave towels, sheets and other household linens; do rattan work; make plastic jewelry, artificial flowers. One group manufactures well-designed church vestments.

A loudspeaker serves as informal broadcasting station for the people of the area. Some months ago two children were kidnaped. The anguished mother hurried to Father Trube. An immediate announcement over the loudspeaker gave a description of the children and alerted all the people. The kidnapers, panicked by this quick action, had to abandon the children; the two youngsters were soon back in the safety of their home. The system also has the direct religious use of making all 100,000 people in the area aware that the Church is there in their midst. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**

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Bamboo Wireless

to vary a fish diet in Masonga, Africa, Father JOHN SCHIFF went to Lake Victoria bagging a large duck, but first had to dispose of a crocodile that had invaded his blind. A few days earlier Father helped some natives get rid of three crocodiles that had been harassing crops . . . A bell from a locomotive on the New Haven Railroad now calls the people to prayer in Shinhanga, Africa. Father EDWARD McGURKIN of Hartford, Conn., is in charge of the territory.

* * *

Father ALBERT J. NEVINS has just completed two new books for Fall publication. One is for the Vision series on Sister Blandina Segale, a famous Sister of Charity. The other for Dodd, Mead is called Adventures of the Men of Maryknoll. Both are juveniles.

* * *

Ghost story: Father JOSEPH HERBERT writes from Korea of some old-timers who were drinking the local brew. Talk was of ghosts and goblins. One doubter offered to go to a temple with a reputation of being haunted and drive a nail in floor. When he did not return for hours, his companions went looking for him, found him unconscious on temple floor. He had a driven nail through his gown. When he found he couldn't rise, he thought ghosts had him. So he fainted.

* * *

At the request of Cardinal PIAZZA, Father John W. COMBER has been named chaplain for all English speaking people in Santiago, Chile . . . A new printing has been made of Father BERNARD MEYER's Spanish catechism in cartoon book style. It is a very popular item.

* * *

According to a dispatch from Father THOMAS HIGGINS in Puno, Peru. Father DAN McLELLAN has just been given authorization by the President of Peru to establish a parish credit union. It is the first such cooperative in Peru . . . The parish church at the Maryknoll mission in Azangaro, Peru, was built in 1624, four years after the Pilgrims landed on the famous Plymouth Rock.

The Village of





Mud

**The sights and sounds
of a tyro missionary's
first days in Puno.**

BY JOSEPH R. LANG, M.M.

■ THE TRAIN that was carrying me to my mission assignment reminded me of the kind of train that I had often seen in cowboy pictures. It was like the trains that pioneered in opening up the vast expanse of our developing West. The view I had from the small square window of the dining car was of parched hilly earth, not too different from some of the scenery I had seen in southern New Mexico.

No bandits, no hot-blooded American Indians were likely to attack this train. But high up in the Peruvian Andes, there are plenty of Indians. They are descendants of the Inca tribe who once ruled Peru, parts of Ecuador and Chile.

The Indians of the altiplano do not make use of the things that seem to have been standard equipment for North American Indians. They wear no feather bands around their heads; they do not sport clothes made from the hides of buffalo and deer; they do not paint their faces in gaudy colors. The garb of the Quechuas and Aymaras is one they adopted to keep them warm on the bitterly cold Peruvian altiplano.

The Indian women I saw on the train were very colorfully dressed. Everyone of them wore a derby, a blouse and many skirts, each of a

different color. The day was a little warmer than usual, so some of the women had tucked their outer skirts into their waistbands to keep cool. The folds of an upturned skirt formed a pocket, and I could see that the women used these pockets to hold a good supply of coca leaves. They chew coca to numb their fragile bodies against the cold.

Indian men wear woven caps of many colors, gaudier than the stocking caps we wore as boys. Their shirts are western in style; their pants are woven from coarse cloth. Both men and women go shoeless even in the coldest weather. Their flimsy clothes are hardly suitable to protect them from the biting winds, the snow and hail storms, of the Andes Mountains.

I noticed some Indian men — probably a little richer than their fellows — wearing panchos woven from the fur of many llamas. These animals are the humpless camels that live on the roof of South America.

After our train pulled into a small village station, midway between Arequipa and Puno, many Indians got off to buy lunch from Indian vendors. Alongside the train, in that village of a handful of houses, were tables and benches awaiting customers. Each Indian took his place at a table, and a stocky waitress brought him a soup dish full of what an Indian thinks is delicious food.

From where I sat, the food looked like a thick vegetable soup. It seemed anything but appetizing to me, possibly because of the surroundings, the condition of the pots

and pans and the lack of cleanliness in the little outdoor kitchen.

Near six o'clock that evening, the wooden coaches of the train creaked around the last bend in the tracks. We were nearing the most important town in this section of the altiplano — Puno. Darkness was settling over everything. There were not too many lights in the streets of Puno, so it was difficult for me to take a good look at the place in which I was to work as a missionary.

I picked up my luggage. In a few moments I would arrive. That meant settling down among the people whom, with the grace of God, I would bring closer to God. I could not be another Saint Francis Xavier and convert these people from paganism because they had already received the Faith from the Spanish missionaries who had come hundreds of years before me. But I could try to give them a deeper love for Almighty God, who replaced the Inca sun god.

My heart beat a little faster; I thought to give thanks to Almighty God that I was about to begin my missionary career. Then my thoughts came back to earth. My eyes could see, through the dusty window, the light of the moon shining on water. On the other side was a stone bank. Later I learned that the water I had seen was part of Lake Titicaca, the highest freshwater lake in the world.

The whistle tooted as we came to a stop in the Puno station. On hand to meet me were Father Murphy and some of the other Maryknollers who staff the Indian parish of Saint John the Baptist. The station was

crowded with Indians who gawked as if they were seeing a train for the first time in their entire lives. I was hustled off in a dusty station wagon, to the seminary.

The next morning I had some free time and I decided to take a walk so as to really see the place. Looking at the houses and buildings, I concluded that I had arrived in an overgrown village of mud. All the buildings I saw were made of adobe — a mixture of mud and straw. The adobe bricks were faced with a mud stucco. The buildings were painted with a peculiar paint. I inquired and found that it too was partly mud — made from clay of various colors.

As I walked over the cobblestone streets, I kept telling myself it was amazing that here I was on the top of the world, living in a village of mud. And the most striking thing was that the people who inhabit this village of mud are the descendants of the Incas, who had built stone structures that are admired by many travelers from all over the world.

I realize now that these Indians had gauged the strength of the good earth on which they live. The parched soil produced willingly only scattered little patches of desert grass. Hard work made it yield corn and a grain much like wheat. More labor turned the earth into adobe bricks.

The village of mud comes to life every morning around half past five. Sidewalks are washed down; streets are swept; doors creak open; and out walk people whom we hope to bring closer to Christ. ■ ■



A NIGHT OF EXAMPLE

An old Buddhist nun

turns her world right side up.

BY GEORGE M. CARROLL, M.M.

■ IT WAS dusk and Kim Ja was still a long way from her destination. She was happy when she saw a light burning in a house down the road. She dragged herself to the door and called out, "Is there anyone home?"

A middle-aged woman with a baby strapped to her back, followed by a big farmer, came to the kitchen door. Their faces lit up with friendly smiles; they asked her to come in and stay the night.

This was more than Kim Ja had expected. She took off her straw-rope shoes, entered and sat down on the heated floor. Three children came forward to greet her. There was something different about the whole family but she could not figure out what it was. They were so open and friendly.

It was suppertime and all gathered around the table. The food was inviting but nobody touched it. Kim Ja wondered why. Then the head of the house raised his right hand to his forehead, brought it down to his chest and then to each shoulder. At the same time he said: "In the name of the Father and of the Son

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and of the Holy Ghost Amen." He asked the Lord of Heaven to bless all those present and the food they were about to eat.

Kim Ja thought that was a wonderful thing. Buddhists had no such custom. After supper the dishes were washed and put away. Then the family gathered for night prayers and the rosary. The old lady was deeply impressed. Her bed clothes were spread out on the hottest part of the floor which is always given to guests.

Her host, hostess and their children gave her the customary salutation, "May you sleep peacefully," before they retired. But Kim Ja did not go to sleep immediately — thoughts crowded in on her.

She saw herself once again a fine handsome young woman of twenty deciding between marriage and the celibate life of a Buddhist nun. She had entered the Buddhist monastery and for sixty years had been seeking Nirvana. She had never doubted she would reach that stage in the Buddhist religion. But this Christian family had shown her something extraordinary, and she resolved then and there to find out more about their religion in the morning. This decision calmed her, and she dropped off to sleep.

The family's morning prayers awakened Kim Ja. She sat up and watched them. Each member of the family asked her if she had slept well before going to do their morning chores.

When she got ready to leave, Kim Ja asked where she could find out more of this religion with which she had had her first contact. She

learned her host was named Kim Peter and his wife Kang Maria. Peter and Maria explained that the family went to Nonsan on the big feasts; that Father Singer visited their village twice a year. They told her about the old folks' home at Nonsan, operated by Sisters.

Kim Ja had tears in her eyes as she said that she would go to see the Sisters at the first opportunity. Peter and Maria were all smiles when she told them she wanted to give up Buddhism and become a Catholic.

Kim Ja went to the superior of the monastery and announced her decision to leave. She was told she was rash to leave the peace she had enjoyed all these years. She was urged to think it over. All this talk was to no avail. The next morning she bade farewell to what had been home for over 60 years and set out for Nonsan.

The Sisters welcomed her with open arms and Father Singer was most kind to her. Kim Ja studied her Old Folks' Catechism, and on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption she was baptized Hannah.

Today Hannah spends her days praying her rosary for the conversion of other Buddhists, and thanking God for having permitted her to spend the night with that good Catholic farm family — a night that changed her whole life. One of her first acts after baptism was to make a trip to thank the family of Kim Peter for having led her "out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God."

This was accomplished by a family that prayed together. May many families follow that example. ■ ■

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

• By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

'No, Sir. I never saw so many gadgets I could do without."

A lady in a Dallas store thus answered a clerk's question, "Can I do anything for you?"

Self-denial is not a popular doctrine. Yet Our Lord kept on showing, by His example and His teaching, that it is the basis of all approach to the Divinity.

"He that shall lose his life shall find it." "Unless a man deny himself and carry his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple." "There is no man who hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands for my sake who shall not receive a hundredfold in this time; and in the world to come, life everlasting."

All Christian asceticism is based on the emptying of oneself that God may fill the soul. The *Following of Christ*, the writings of the saints, are full of warnings against the inordinance of "things."

Nowhere in the world has life become more easy than here in our own country. At no time has less effort been required for day-to-day living. In spite of this, or rather because of it, we are not all at peace in our souls.

No missionary outfit produces a mission effort greater than the strength of the Church in the country of its origin. This seems to be an historical fact. If it be true,

then Maryknollers must be very much concerned about the state of the Church in the United States, aside from the general and ever-present desire to see God's eternal glory increased in every possible way. That is why there is legitimate alarm when the Church ceases to be an expanding Church; when the number of defections is greater than the so-called natural increase; when the effort to bring in those outside the fold betrays little enthusiasm and no sustained effort.

What would Christ say, were He with us today? How would He consider the insidious effect of the world's propaganda in books, in the press, in radio and television, in high-pressure campaigns for luxurious living? One thing He certainly would do — use all of these means to put His own doctrine across; and this is where we fail.

The wonder is that young men and young women still wade through the morass of hedonism with the desire to give up all for Christ. Vocations prove the action of the Holy Spirit. How long can this last, unless each wins the battle for Christ in his own soul against the world, the flesh and the devil?



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Meet the Lei Family

■ I FOUND the Lei family living in a hut seven by seven feet. Six children, mother and father made up the family. There was not much food in the hut because the father, Lei Tan, was not working. Mother Lei was trying to keep the family alive by collecting and selling quail eggs.

Six years ago Lei Tan was financially comfortable. He owned a sugar refinery and was the happy father of a growing family. To avoid execution by the Communists he fled with his family to Macao, and being unable to support them there brought them to Hong Kong.

Three weeks after I met the family, Mother Lei was taken to Tung Wah Hospital. There she gave birth to her eighth child — a boy. The mother died. The child lives. Now the family are supported by the oldest son (15) and daughter (13). Each earns a dollar a day as a packer. None of the children go to school. The whole family is undernourished, Lei Tan most of all. The Lei family needs everything, but rent money and a job for Father are most pressing.

— Marcus Mak.

Problems meet their match
in a priest with a heart.

The Rope in the

BY JOSEPH S. PULASKI, M.M.

Dear Friends,

There are five persons in my family. I am forty-four; my wife is thirty-three; and the three children are ten, four and two. I am a weaver and receive yarn from my employer and do the work at home. I am paid for the amount of *obis* [a kind of sash worn with the kimono] I make.

They say a weaver has to work over twelve hours a day to make a living. My family keeps increasing and so I have to work fourteen or fifteen hours a day. As a result my health has suffered. Fortunately, I am taken care of medically at the Catholic Center dispensary, where I receive medicine free of charge three times a week. My children are also being taken care of at the dispensary. We started to receive this help about six months ago.

Since I cannot earn enough money to make a decent living, we live under difficult conditions as a result. Our income is meager. Though we had not enough to wear nor eat, yet I prayed very much knowing that at least spiritually we could be happy. I am a Catholic; the wife

and two youngest children are not baptized but are now studying the doctrine. There is no one but Our Lord in my heart. Thanks be to Him, we all wear a smile upon our hearts and faces even though the interior of our home is in very poor condition.

The other day, a man visited our home and gave us a truly wonderful gift. Not only was it once, but he keeps coming back. I thought I was dreaming and could not believe it at first. I had never had such sympathetic and tender feelings shown to me before. Now at meal time each day, we are grateful to God for the food which He puts before us.

The other day for the first time in many years, I could finally buy new underwear for my three children. Till now, they were wearing patched ones. Now they are very happy.

Once I read a story in a book written by a priest. A child in this certain place fell into a well in the field. The neighbors were all so excited in trying to do something to help, that actually all they did was make a lot of noise and the boy was drowning all the time. A man happened to pass by and told them to drop a rope into the well so that

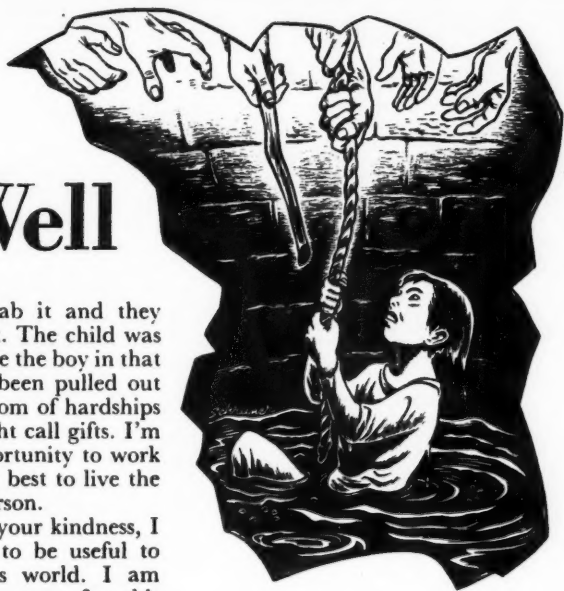
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the boy might grab it and they could pull him out. The child was saved. I feel just like the boy in that story. I have just been pulled out from the very bottom of hardships by a rope you might call gifts. I'm using it as an opportunity to work harder and try my best to live the life of a normal person.

In gratitude for your kindness, I shall try my best to be useful to others and to this world. I am ever so grateful to you for this unusual consideration of my humble family through your most generous kindness.

*Sincerely yours,
Paul Nagasawa*

The story behind this letter is *Caritas* (Charity) the brainchild of Father James F. Hyatt. He started it in 1952, in his parish in Kyoto. *Caritas* drew its membership from among the zealous men and women Catholics of the parish. The rules and spirit of *Caritas* were modeled on those of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; the only difference being that women may belong to *Caritas*. The success of *Caritas* can be gauged from the number of families that organization is now helping. It is a going concern in six parishes of the diocese of Kyoto, and it now helps almost six hundred Jap-



anese families to make ends meet.

Mrs. Kawasaki needed a new roof but had no money to hire a roofer; *Caritas* workers found a way. Poor Kimiko may never walk again; she has been bedridden since a childhood attack of infantile paralysis. She was in no condition to visit the mission's dispensary, so Sister Mary Ann and Dr. Hashimoto called on her at home. Grandpa Nakagawa lives in a "chicken coop" house. *Caritas* workers could not buy a new home for him but they did clean, paint and decorate his house.

Thanks to hardworking members of *Caritas*, hundreds of Kawasakis, Kimikos and Nakagawas in the Kyoto Diocese have known the joy of having their wants receive personal attention and practical help from devoted *Caritas* workers. ■ ■



The church of Santo Eusebio

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Father Paul Sommer is an advisor, teacher, medic, and keeper of souls.

By Horseback to Santa Eulalia

A Michigan family ventures
into a hidden, strange land.

BY MATILDA J. METCALF

■ THE TRAIL to Santa Eulalia looked innocent enough when we took to our horses at Ixtiopoc. I thought

the good Fathers must have been having a little fun with me when they talked of mud.

Then the steady patter of rain turned the trail into a soft bed of mush. With each step our horses sank to their knees. As my horse labored up the mountain trail, I understood the Fathers' dislike of rain and mud.

My husband and I are photogra-



Young mountain shepherd (above); a pretty Guatemalan pair (opposite)

phers from a small town in Michigan. In Guatemala City, a year earlier, we had heard much praise of the Maryknoll Fathers. Both Catholics and Protestants were impressed with the advantages these missionaries were bringing to the descendants of the Mayan tribes. Now with a new assignment, we were delighted to have the chance to see the fine work Maryknoll is doing.

Most of the people in the high Cuchumatanes Mountains had never seen a white man, excepting the priest. Even in more-sophisticated Santa Eulalia (our destination), a white woman was an extreme rarity, and my son was the first white child ever to visit these parts.

Our welcome stop the first night was at the parish house of Soloma. Father Paul Sommer is the resident priest. After evening services we inspected the church. For centuries worship had been on the bare ground. Now, thanks to Father Paul's hard work and good management, ceramic tiles grace a new floor.

At sunrise the next morning, we were off again. The road to Santa Eulalia is one of the most beautiful in all Guatemala. The trail teemed with Indians. Most of them carried burdens, for even the supplies of the Fathers must be brought in on stout Indian backs.

Father Joseph Halpin was the

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Father Rudolf Kneuer checks the reading skill of Indian schoolboys.

resident priest at our destination, Santa Eulalia — a town 8,000 feet up on the slopes of the Cuchumatanes. Although he is only beginning work here, he has already accomplished much. Living quarters, clinic, and a small classroom are already in use. Plans for the clearance of a section of the public market are under way. In its place will be erected a school for Indian children.

The Kanhobal people are quaint and picturesque. Their dress is long, white and flowing. Very few people in Guatemala have seen them because they do not venture out of their mountains. Here they live and worship as they did a thousand

years ago. Baptism is the only rite of the Church that seems to have rubbed off on them permanently. Otherwise they are truly untouched by civilization.

With their medical supplies and kindly ways, the Maryknollers are slowly bringing some change into the drab existence of these Indians. For the first time since colonial days, these Indians are regularly receiving the benefits of the Church. Resident priests are stationed in the larger villages, while the Fathers cover the remote sections on horseback. The unstinting Maryknoll missionary must act as advisor, teacher, medic, and keeper of souls. ■ ■

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Desperation

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

It acts like a drunken Cyclops rumba-ing down the street.

■ "THAT's not transportation; it's desperation!" someone remarked when our old gray jeep came puffing, blowing, shivering and shaking into the yard. Desperation was old when we got it yet it had given us many hours of faithful service. Once it was a nice, shiny gray. Now it has a sort of dappled effect where spots of rust are coming through. It has such protective coloration that we are afraid to park it out in the jungle; we might never find it again.

Every part of Desperation has been replaced at some time or other. Now we are at the end of the line. There is nothing solid to fasten new pieces onto. The hood gapes open when the wind gets hold of it,

and blows back in my face. Desperation has no brakes, no four-wheel drive. Its lone headlight at night makes it look like a drunken Cyclops. There are no springs, no shock absorbers. The wheels are way out of line, and the steering rods are so worn that it does a rumba all the way down the street.

People stand and point and laugh because everything shakes while the driver fights to hold onto the wheel. Father Fritz and I usually stutter for fifteen minutes after making a trip in this jeep. It has to be pushed to be started; boys and girls come running when they see us get in. They have made a game out of it and they bet to see if the jeep will be



running by the time we get through the gate 25 feet away.

This particular jeep has an affinity for mudholes and snuggles down into them with contented sighs. A stump, lying in wait, knocked off the exhaust; Desperation now has the deep-throated roar of a four-engined plane. Once the local airline sent its crew running out to the airport three times in one day because they thought a B-17 was coming in. It was only us coming to town in Desperation which has hauled oranges and turtle eggs, pigs and chickens, sand, wood and manure.

Every day it takes Sisters to our thatched school. Sister Rose Immaculata and Sister Genevieve Terese are probably the only two hot-rod jockeys in religion. They have their own methods for dealing with the vagaries of our jeep. When they come whipping into the yard, veils flying and rosaries clutched, the pupils cheer. The Sisters have made it again.

When they get in the jeep for the trip back, they have a moment of silent prayer. Then they begin the long formula of different ways we have shown them to prod the jeep. If the motor doesn't start, one gets out, kicks the front right tire and says some words — a prayer, they think. If that doesn't work they open the hood and let it slam down. They noticed that trick one time when the jeep stopped. A mechanic came, fooled around with the carburetor, then slammed down the hood — and the jeep ran. If the Sisters get a flat tire or the jeep stalls, they get out and stand looking at it helplessly. In a couple of minutes, men and boys boil out of their houses to change the tire or to push the jeep.

Desperation has no top; during a rainstorm it is like a bathtub on wheels. The seat covers are gone and springs shoot out unexpectedly to nick the unwary. But our jeep has a desperation of distinction. It was flown in a plane over the

Andes; sailed on the Beni River in a launch; helped make the famous movie, "Green Magic." It was the first jeep ever seen in these parts.

We use Desperation to carry sick people to the hospital; to take the dead to the cemetery. Many an expectant mother rode to the hospital in this jeep while we rattled prayers to St. Christopher to help us arrive in time. So far we have always made it, but some day or some night!

Desperation has taken us into the jungle on mission trips. It has rescued a man trapped under a fallen tree. It fords streams, lurches through deep sand, gurgles through hub-deep mud. On ordinary trips it is loaded with children, who love this contact with civilization. They scream their heads off as the winds blow through their hair.

Once in a while Desperation gets stuck on an impossible path in the jungle. It gets dragged back ignominiously to town behind two oxen, looking like the cadaver of a prehistoric monster. Father Fritz and I have blessed, scorned, berated — and for all its failings — loved the faithful old beast.

The other day I was called to attend a man who was dying of a heart attack out in the jungle. I looked at the old jeep and sadly wondered if it could stand one more trip. I decided to risk it. The road has a hard surface at the end of the dry season. When the jeep saw that strip of narrow road stretching out

between the green walls of the jungle, it took on new life. From some hidden reservoir it dragged new strength and away it went. It seemed to lay back its ears and kick

up its heels; we fairly flew along. We found the man, put him gently in the jeep and started back to town. Not once

did Desperation shimmy or shake; it seemed to take the bumps and holes a little more gently; its arthritic joints flexed with the suppleness of youth.

When we stopped in front of the hospital, the jeep was panting and blowing. Its hood was agape, as if it had a self-satisfied smile on its face, the satisfaction that comes from a job well done by a reliable servant.

These days Desperation makes many trips, hauling materials for the new church. Every day we start out with the hope that it will hang together for a few more months, until we have the church built. Then it can collapse, and we will retire it gracefully to greener pastures.

Some day after the new church is built, we will be able to get a new jeep. But things will not be the same. Father Fritz and I will miss Desperation's refusal to start, its ludicrous tremblings and snortings. My ears will miss that hollow roar and the excitement that comes when I swing into the mission to find a gate closed, and have to roar around in tight circles until it slows to a stop.

A long, sad experience has shown that a vocation betrayed is a source of tears not only for the sons and daughters, but also for ill-advised parents.

— Pope Pius XI



**HE IS PREPARING TO BE
← A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER.
YOU CAN HELP HIM BY
SUPPLYING FURNITURE
FOR HIS SEMINARY ROOM.**

The complete outfit for one room costs \$200. Perhaps you could give one or two items—or even the complete set. The breakdown for each seminary room is:

—Bed and spring	\$30	Desk Lamp	\$10—
—Mattress	35	Rug	10—
—Desk	36	Blankets	7—
—Bookcase	23	Crucifix	7—
—Bureau	20	Pillow	6—
—Chair	15	Holy water font	1—

TOTAL \$200

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$200 needed to furnish a seminarian's room. Have him pray for me.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....





54 NEW PRIESTS

The sky
is the limit
to Bishop Walsh's dream



LAWRENCE O'NEILL
Bronx, N. Y.
Cardinal Hayes H. S.



FERNAND PAQUET
Biddeford, Maine
St. Hyacinthe Sem.



LIONEL G. TRUDEL
Sistersville, R. I.
Mt. St. Charles Acad.

■ BISHOP James Anthony Walsh was a great dreamer of dreams. "There is inspiration in the expanse of sky and water," he jotted in his notebook while he was crossing the Pacific to seek Maryknoll's first mission field.

During those days he looked towards every horizon and he saw ships — many ships — and on them Maryknollers, sailing in the distant years of the future over every sea, towards ports in every land.

Father Walsh's dream of many Maryknollers on many ships and many seas has already taken a form of reality as vivid as the fifty-four pictures on these pages — Maryknollers ordained this month.

Maryknoll priests now total 691. Does that figure measure up to Bishop Walsh's dream? God willing, all Maryknoll's work up to now will turn out to have been only a modest start. How big are your dreams of what can be done to bring all men everywhere to Christ?



JAMES BODENSTEDT
Toledo, Ohio
Detroit University



WILLIAM J. GALVIN
Kew Gardens, N. Y.
Bishop Loughlin H. S.



JOSEPH P. BAGGOT
Wisconsin Delta, Wis.
Loras College, Iowa

THE FAMILY GROWS LARGER.



WM. D. MCCARTHY
Bay City, Mich.
St. Jos. Seminary



WILLIAM F. DALEY
Lawrence, Mass.
Central Cath. High



THOMAS KILLACKEY
Yonkers, New York
Iona Prep.



JAMES O'HALLORAN
Rochester, New York
St. Andrew's Sem.



JAMES T. FERRY
New Rochelle, N. Y.
New Rochelle High



ROBERT S. MAXWELL
Lexington, Ky.
Campion High School



ELMER P. WURTH
Kalida, Ohio
Notre Dame Univ.



JOHN J. RIDYARD
New York, N. Y.
Wash. State College



ROBERT B. MENARD
Hollywood, Calif.
Hollywood H. S.



RICHARD J. SAMMON
New York, N. Y.
Cathedral College



WILLIAM S. NOLAN
Cincinnati, Ohio
Carroll College



JAMES W. BRADLEY
Lawrence, Mass.
Lawrence High

SHINING BEACONS OF HOPE



BERNARD P. BYRNE
Anaconda, Montana
Carroll College



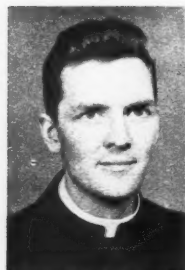
JAMES P. LaCOSTE
Tulsa, Oklahoma
St. Louis Prep. Sem.



WILLIAM J. PRICE
Utica, New York
Utica Free Academy



PHILIP J. REILLY
Yonkers, N. Y.
Cathedral College



THOMAS P. FOX
Bronx, New York
Cardinal Hayes H. S.



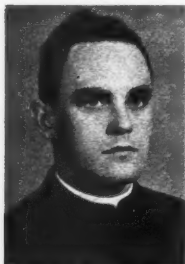
BRYCE NISHIMURA
Los Angeles, Calif.
Manzanar H. S.



JOSEPH BEAUSOLEYL
East Haven, Conn.
Manhattan College



RICHARD KARDIAN
Cleveland, Ohio
Benedictine High



EDW. J. FLANIGAN
Philadelphia, Pa.
West Catholic High



JOHN J. CASEY
San Francisco, Calif.
U. of San Francisco



RAMON J. McCABE
Madelia, Minnesota
Madelia High School



LAWRENCE CONNORS
Lindenhurst, N. Y.
Regis and Loyola

TO A WORLD FULL OF DOUBT:



JOHN J. WALSH
Glendale, L. I., N. Y.
Bishop Loughlin H. S.



WM. J. RICHARDSON
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brooklyn Prep.



DONALD C. WALSH
Bronx, New York
Cardinal Hayes H. S.



MICHAEL A. SIMONE
Mocanaqua, Pa.
Shickshinny H. S.



WILLIAM FRAZIER
Des Moines, Iowa
Dowling High School



VINCENT ZEBROWSKI
South River, N. J.
St. Mary's High



ANTHONY G. MACRI
Rutherford, N. J.
Pope Pius XII High



JOHN P. CASEY
Lynn, Massachusetts
St. Mary's



EDWARD F. WALCK
Bronx, New York
Cardinal Hayes H. S.



RICHARD M. DEVOY
Lexington, Mass.
Boston College



JOSEPH W. MATHEIS
Chicago, Ill.
St. Ambrose College



WALTER A. STUMPF
Mineola, N. Y.
Bishop Loughlin H. S.

MARYKNOLL'S CLASS OF 1956



DONALD VITTEGL
Lake Placid, New York
St. Mary's High



LUCIEN D. FORTIN
Walton, New York
Walton High



JOHN L. BURKE
Peabody, Mass.
St. Clement's High



JAMES L. PRUSS
Oakland, Calif.
Sacred Heart Grammar



WALTER KELLEHER
Bronx, New York
St. Ann's Academy



GERARD J. PAVIS
Staten Island, N. Y.
Augustinian Academy



RALPH CHRISTMAN
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Ferdham Prep.



THOMAS J. MANEY
Ames, Iowa
Loras College



JAMES KALCHTHALER
Butler, Pa.
St. Justin's High



LEO J. BECHTOLD
Farrell, Pa.
Farrell High



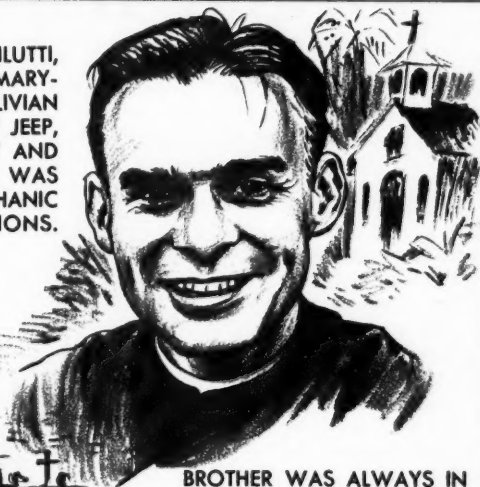
THOMAS S. KEANE
Ozone Park, N. Y.
Cathedral College



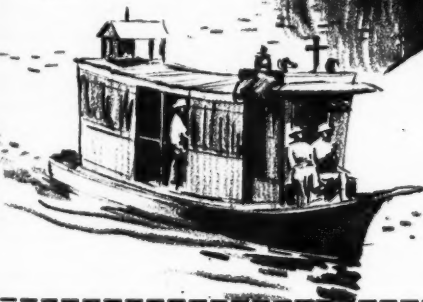
JAMES A. CONARD
Green Bay, Wis.
Central Cath. High

Will you take his place?

BROTHER GONZAGA CHILUTTI, OF PHILADELPHIA, WAS A MARYKNOLL BROTHER IN THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE. HE TRAVELED BY JEEP, MOTORCYCLE, RIVERBOAT AND HORSEBACK BECAUSE HE WAS THE ENGINEER AND MECHANIC FOR ALL JUNGLE MISSIONS.



BROTHER WAS ALWAYS IN DEMAND — EVERYWHERE AT THE SAME TIME. FOR RECREATION HE HUNTED JAGUAR AND CROCODILE. HE WAS KILLED BY A FALLING TREE ON A MISSION BOAT THAT WAS RUSHING SUPPLIES TO HELP A STRICKEN MISSION.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....

Bright Happiness

BY SISTER MARIA TERESA

"My relatives turned me out to beg," said the tiny hunchback.

■ BRIGHT HAPPINESS sat in her corner, her small brown fingers flashing as she plied the gold thread through crimson satin. A smile lighted her plump little face and her eyes danced as I came close to her.

"Nearly finished with this chasuble," she said. "I'll be ready for something else soon, Sister." Who would realize that the speaker is a hunchback? Who would know that two years ago she was a beggar; that those marvelously nimble fingers could do nothing more than pluck at the passer-by's sleeve; that the happy voice with the ring of self-respect in it had been a whining, scared sound coming from a half-starved throat?

"My relatives turned me out," Bright Happiness told me that morning when I first saw her. "It's really not their fault; they are poor."

It was then that we decided to



try her out in our vestment-making work, here in Hong Kong. Now the little hunchback is a self-supporting woman, with a steady income and a wee bit put away for a rainy day. Better still, she knows and loves our dear Lord, Jesus Christ.

Numbers and statistics are poor yardsticks to measure the effectiveness of any mission work. The salvation of each soul is a world in itself, worth all the personnel and expense ever expended in all ages put together. That is the fascination of our work among many of the poor women of Hong Kong.

We have sixty who earn a decent living making the beautiful liturgical vestments that have won wide appreciation in the States. While it is, in itself, a fine work to provide vestments worthy of the Holy Sacrifice, we feel it far better to bring salvation to the soul of some poor woman whose fingers produced the

MARYKNOLL

beauty of the vestments. Each worker has her own story.

Maria came to us for shelter after one of the big fires that left the refugee-crowded hillside like a field of burnt cornstalks. She was thirteen, a thin little thing with big eyes and a mouth beginning to twist into a snarl at life. She had lost everyone and everything to the hungry flames.

"I want two things," she told us, "work so that I can live and a chance to study the doctrine." By the latter she meant the Catholic Faith.

We gave her both. Maria has now been baptized; she is finishing school while working part time on the vestments.

Clarissa is a Chinese-Peruvian girl. Sister Cecilia found her, one of the many refugee teen-agers, starving in the streets. With a little more neglect from society, she would have become a moral outcast. Clarissa is a bright, responsive young woman now. She remembers the black past all too well. Her gratitude for self-respect and a livelihood is beyond words.

Teresa's sad past is so far back that she cannot remember. Small and lame, she was thrown out into an alley when she was only three years old. Picked up, she was taken to a Government hospital, dying of tubercular meningitis. It was there that we baptized her. However, amazingly, Teresa recovered.

We had grown to love her and, when she was well, she went to board at the Precious Blood Orphanage. Now able to earn a livelihood, Teresa stands on her own two feet

while she continues her high-school studies at night school.

You have seen some of our happy vestment makers. They have worthwhile jobs in pleasant surroundings. Better still, many have the precious gift of the Faith. Quite a number have left the humming sewing machine and the flashing needle for higher things. They are now Chinese Sisters of the Precious Blood, Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and Carmelites.

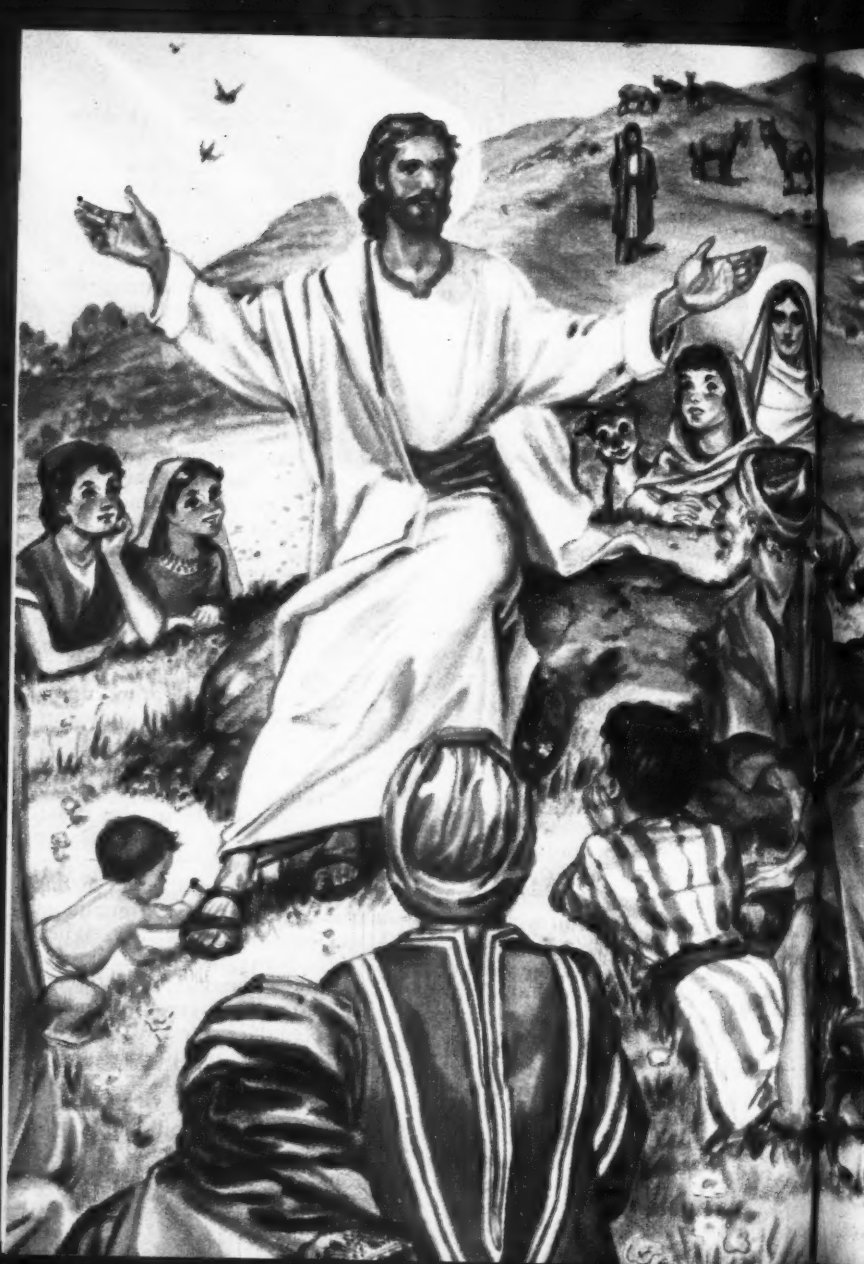
Others have married. And when mama brings the little broods to visit us on a Sunday afternoon, she takes them to the sunny window where once she worked and says, "See? Here is where your mother learned about the One True God and what joy it is to serve Him well."

In the last five years, the refugee work in Hong Kong has grown to almost unbelievable proportions. The help given to needy women in the vestment-making rooms is just a tiny part of this vast project.

Maryknoll Sisters, in groups of two or three, live in the most densely populated sections of the resettlement areas.

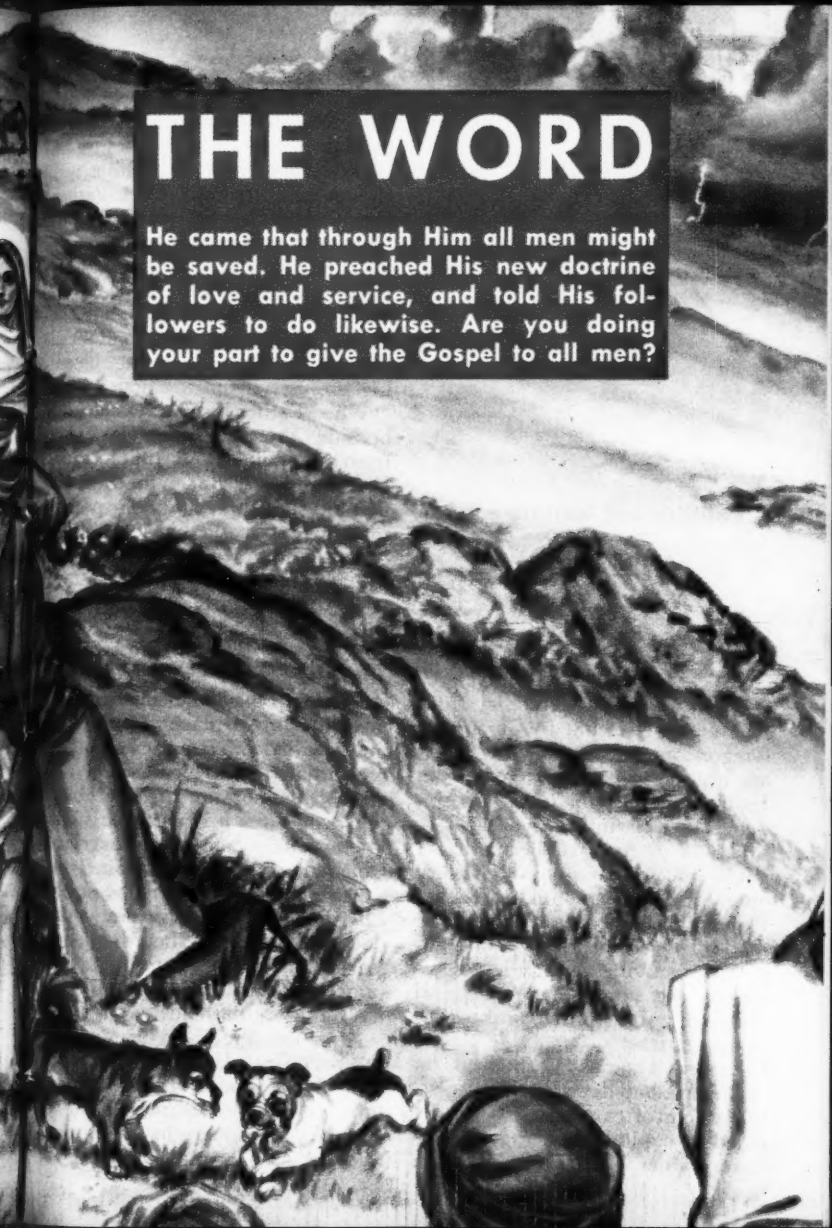
"We have 87,000 people in our 'parish,'" Sister Mary Ignatia of Manchester, N. H., writes. "When we came here three years ago, there was only a handful of Catholics. Now our parish census numbers 2,215 Catholics. We had 125 baptisms recently, making a total of 800 adult baptisms for the first nine months of this year."

This harvest of souls for Christ and His Church is being repeated throughout the refugee areas. ■ ■



THE WORD

He came that through Him all men might be saved. He preached His new doctrine of love and service, and told His followers to do likewise. Are you doing your part to give the Gospel to all men?



Big Time Operator

His ability and initiative made me sit up and take notice.

BY RENE ARCHAMBAULT, M.M.

■ **WHAT** makes a catechist tick? Let me answer that by describing Gregory and his work. Gregory is an unusually tall person for an Indian of Quechua stock; his six-foot stature is impressive.

It was in Ayaviri, Peru, that I got a good look at how Gregory operates. About a month ago, Father Robert Kearns, pastor of Ayaviri, made a decision: Despite our absorbing activities with the townspeople, we simply had to extend ourselves and help the rural people of our parish.

Father Thomas Verhoeven, in Azangaro, had developed a successful system of catechists, so we decided to capitalize on that experience. Father Verhoeven gave us a

detailed description of his wonderful system; he even loaned us Gregory, his top catechist.

The village of Condormilla was chosen for the initial effort. Father Kearns and Gregory reached Condormilla by jeep and were met by the village leader. The two visitors found the whole village in an uproar; they soon learned that the Condormilla policeman had been in a bad way since morning, bleeding profusely from the nose.

When Father Kearns reached the bedside, the poor man was weak from loss of blood and still bleeding. Fortunately, recourse to ordinary first aid stayed the flow. The policeman was soon on his way to recovery. It didn't take long for news to circulate. Everybody in town knew that Father Kearns had saved the policeman's life.

That was something over and above Gregory's usual method of opening up a village. His first appearance in a place is generally made with a priest. He presents his credentials to the local leader and asks his cooperation in assembling the people for instruction, usually at the village school. He carries a Coleman projector with him, and an assortment of film strips on the Life of Christ, the Mass, and other doctrinal subjects. When the people learn that they are to be entertained with colored films they do not hesitate to attend.

After the film, Gregory explains the necessity of continued instruction. He proposes that everyone must know the Faith, receive First Communion, marry in the Church and live as a faithful Catholic. He

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then invites them to pick two village men with enough education to speak both Quechua and Spanish. The candidates must have good reputations and be willing to act as local catechists.

This simple system works — if there is a Gregory present to spark it. He spends a few days in each settlement, sharing the people's food and shelter. He studies the character and needs of each group. At the end of that short time Gregory is ready to move on to another village where he will start all over again.

Gregory's various sallies of this sort have completely changed the picture in the back country of the Ayaviri mission. We now have twenty capable catechists. Recently the first meeting of all our catechists was held; we plan to hold bi-weekly meetings for them in the future. The time set is immediately after the last Mass on Sunday. Father Kearns will be present at each meeting; so will the head catechist.

Each session begins with reports of progress by the various catechists. Then they are given instruction on some definite point of doctrine. Added are a reading from the New Testament, and an explanation with a dramatization of the same. Every catechist must take an active part in all of this so as to be prepared to present the doctrine, the New Testament reading and its explanation to the people of his village.

Gregory is an enthusiastic go-getter. He would like to extend his work until all parts of the Puno Diocese have been provided with catechists. ■ ■

JUNE, 1956

The Dentist's Office

• • •

A young man waited his turn in the dentist's office. On the table was: **MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR.**

A boy waited his turn in the barber shop. Again, **MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR,** was on the table.

Both read the magazine for the first time, applied for admission, and are now in training to become **Maryknoll Missioners.**

You can subscribe to our magazine for some reading room, or you can leave it to us to send the magazine to some place where it will do the most good. Use this coupon. Each subscription: \$1 a year.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for subscriptions to **MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR.** Please send the magazine to an address where it will do the most good.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



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MISSION LITERATURE**

THERE is no other anthology of mission literature in the English language, and there are as few books of any kind as beautiful as the all new Maryknoll Golden Book. No effort was spared to make this a really gorgeous volume that

will enhance your home. Moreover, each copy is packed in a sturdy and handsome slipcase so that the book will always be protected. This slipcase gives the book a special usefulness as a gift for any occasion that matters. **\$4.50**

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Soap Opera

BY FELIX FOURNIER, M.M.

the cedars, the quite-green grass, the waves of the little shepherds — all responded to that crystal-clear, brisk, ambient air that the sun can produce at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

Ahead I saw an Indian woman, taking advantage of the sunshiny day, doing the family wash in a little rill by the side of the road. Her colorfully embroidered costume was never more brilliant than in that fine bright sun. She was scrubbing her laundry on a flat stone.

Then something caught my eye as I went whirling by. Beside the Indian laundress was a giant, economy size box of FAB. ■ ■

■ IT TAKES about three hours for a jeep to get from Huehuetenango to Quezaltenango. Most of the trip is spent winding the jeep through compound-reverse curves up the mountains, across saddlebacks and switchbacks to other peaks. Finally the road dips down on to a plateau.

Often — more often than not — it's a dismal, foggy atmosphere that I encounter on this plateau. All of which accentuates the weathered, limestone pinnacles, the gnarled cedars and the thin cropped grass that is overgrazed by the sheep. Little Indian shepherd boys and girls run off when the strange vehicle surprises them on that gravel road.

About a month ago, I had to make that trip, and the usual aspect of grim survival melted away under the brilliant sun. The limestone and



EDITORIAL:

Are We Superior to the Communists?

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ WE AMERICANS are pretty much a self-satisfied people. We build the biggest buildings, buy houses with two-car garages, and stock deep freezers in our cellars. We do not consider television sets or refrigerators as luxuries but as ordinary and necessary parts of life.

We also think that we are good Joes when it comes to helping the rest of the world. Our taxes put Bundles for Britain out of business, feed the hungry Greeks, and will soon build a big dam on the Nile River. If anyone needs something, we're there to lend a hand.

We are hale and well-met, backslapping Big Brothers who can't understand why some people should prefer the Communists to us. We take ourselves pretty much for granted. Few of us have ever asked ourselves a very basic question: Are we superior to the Communists?

At first glance, there doesn't seem to be any room for argument. The answer is an instinctive "Yes!" But

is that the right answer? Let's look at some facts.

So far as economics go, we are better than the Communists. Under our system of free enterprise we have the highest standard of living in the world. So on the material level, we can chalk up one for the United States.

BUT MAN doesn't live on bread alone. Are we superior to the Communists in faith and dedication?

The Communist lives for nothing but communism. His philosophy is the air he breathes, the food he eats, his every waking thought. The Communist is a dedicated man, a man with a purpose in life. All his actions aim at the single end of world conquest. We may not like his goals, but we can't deny his sense of mission and direction.

We may be able to recite the Pledge of Allegiance or even know the Bill of Rights by heart, but how many Americans live only for



This Month's Cover

Gerda Christofferson's pastel study this month presents a young Japanese lady in her party best. Since the end of World War II the flowing kimono has been disappearing in Japan as a garment for street wear. However, for special occasions, kimonos are to be seen in abundance.

democracy? We talk one thing but do another.

Right now, groups in our Southern States are fighting a cold civil war because they object to Supreme Court decisions on segregation. People, who would be the first to affirm their Christianity, carried on a race war in Chicago because men of darker skins wanted to move into the same neighborhood in which they lived. We joke about "kikes" and "wops" and "micks" and "spijs" because other people have different ways of doing things.

A MAN can only be judged by his actions. And this holds for nations, too. Christ told us to love all men. He didn't sanction any distinctions. Yet how many of us can say we really love all men?

Christ told us to teach all nations. Not just to feed and clothe them. The Communists can send armies of dedicated saboteurs and provocateurs into every country they want to take over. We find it hard to put a few companies of men into the mission fields.

We print thousands of words of propaganda. Undoubtedly, we have convinced the world that materially we are better off than the rest of mankind. But on the spiritual level, our words are not backed up by our actions.

WHAT AMERICA needs is a public philosophy based, if not on Christianity, at least on the natural law. We need living principles, not printed mottoes. Then when we proclaim our beliefs that all people

JUNE, 1956

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

have the right to freedom and self-determination, we won't be found voting in the United Nations against colonial peoples and for colonial powers. If we have a living public philosophy based on the natural law, we won't be an object of scandal and confusion to the rest of the world because of injustices to our own citizens.

This is revolutionary, but America has fought and won revolutions before. This revolution, however, must start with the individual. It must start with you and me. Our public faith must become stronger than that of the Communists. ■ ■



ARE YOU HERE

as Sister visits this river family in Hong Kong to befriend and encourage them in their daily struggle for existence?

Those who aid us in our training program accompany us on our errands of mercy and minister to some of the poorest of God's poor.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... to help support a Sister-in-training.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I understand I can stop this at any time.

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BY JOSEPH E. AVERY, M.M.

The Unexpected Treasure

■ JIMMIE ALLEN is a deep-sea diver for the Navy. It was while he was stationed at Pearl Harbor that I met him. He came to the rectory one day with the announcement that he wanted to know all a man could know about the Catholic Faith.

Once during the course of instructions, Jim volunteered some intimate information. He asked, "Father, do you know how I happened to become interested in the Catholic Church?"

Nothing he had said till then had given me any clue. I tried to show in my face that I wanted him to answer his own question.

"Father," said Jimmie, "I realized that I had become an atheist. At diving school they taught me a lot about the weather, and many facts that took some of the mysteries out of the depths of the ocean. But exploring the phantom world under the surface of the sea, can make a man ask a lot of questions. I suddenly found out down there that I didn't know the answers to the real questions of life. That day when I got topside I determined to start a search for some answers that would satisfy me.



"First I tried the Church in which I was raised but I did not find what I wanted. I tried unsuccessfully to find the answers in many other creeds.

"Then a friend of mine, Joe Rittgers, stepped up and gave me a push in the right direction. He was a

convert to the Catholic Faith. He invited me to go to Mass with him. I did not understand a thing about the service. But during the week I went back, drawn I don't know by what, to visit the church where I had gone with Joe on Sunday."

Given a shove by the grace of God, Jimmie found the open door — and the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He put this fact in the form of a question: "Father, why is it that, whenever I enter a Catholic church or chapel to pray, every care and worry in the world seems to vanish away?"

Today Jimmie Allen has the real answers. Jim's search ended with the Catholic Church. There he found peace and happiness. Today he is somewhere miles from Beautiful Blue Hawaii. I trust that he is leading others to find the real answers of the Catholic Church. ■ ■

MARTY

He was suddenly surrounded by a shouting mob of neighborhood toughs.

BY JAMES S. STEFANIAK, M.M.



■ "HERE's Marty — a wonderful guy! Once you've met him, you'll never forget him." That's advertising copy for a recent movie. I haven't seen the picture, but here in Puno we have our own Marty, who fits that bill to the letter.

Take the light-heartedness of an Irish American, mix well with small-town friendliness, add dashes of Notre Dame spirit and Maryknoll confidence, serve in a setting of the Andean mountains — and you have Father Martin F. Murphy, of Puno, Peru.

From the time when he landed in Peru, Father Marty has been making and multiplying friends in a way that would cause even a glad-handed politician to sit up and take

notice. I walked down a street in Puno with him the other day and got a stiff neck from nodding as I greeted all his friends.

The first one we met was Jorge, one of the town's electricians. Jorge went a half block out of his way just to be able to greet Padre Martin. He knew what was coming, because after he shook hands he said: "Please Padre, hit me on the left arm this time. The right one is still sore from the last time."

It seems that Jorge had promised to go to confession, and hadn't yet. Padre Martin's treatment for broken promises is a sharp jab to the shoulder. Jorge will wind up as a good Catholic or as an invalid with his arm in a sling.

MARYKNOLL

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A little farther on, we met a group of untidy little boys who looked like miniature underworld characters ready to case some joint.

They spotted us — and a roar went up. The next thing I knew, I was beating off the whole mob. I thought of looking for help until I glanced at Father Murphy and saw him enjoying himself immensely. He was trying to keep his balance with at least five Indian boys hanging on him screaming, "Padre Marteen! Padre Marteen!"

"These are boys from the Cruzada section," he explained. "We have about a hundred of them. They come to confession and Communion every week. The best hour of my week is the one I spend with them."

Down the street, a construction gang was busy making straight the paths of Puno. Busy, that is, until they noticed Padre Martin. Then they all jumped up from their work and started an awful clamor for coca. Coca is a leaf that contains cocaine; chewing it is a habit to which almost every Indian on the altiplano is addicted.

When the clamor went up, we became the center of the stares of bystanders and the object of not a few lifted eyebrows. I was beginning to have doubts about the advisability of confirming people in such a habit. But I should have known better.

Father Murphy's brand of coca is hard candy. He never goes out

MEET A MARYKNOLLER

GEORGE D. HAGGERTY



■ CRACKS of rifle fire startled Father George D. Haggerty. The bus taking him and the sacraments to a dying Christian had suddenly become

a target for bandits. Father Haggerty said the incident made him dream of how much safer it would be to make sick calls in an armored car.

However, he continued the quiet, effective mission work that had begun with his assignment to Manchuria in 1934. Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor closed this chapter of his mission career. Internment as an enemy alien, repatriation to this country, and a series of assignments in this country — these served as prelude to Father Haggerty's present assignment, Formosa.

Father Haggerty, who hails from St. Johnsville, N. Y., scoffs at the papers in Hong Kong whose headlines are black with the fear that Formosa is a sitting duck facing the threat of a Red invasion. Father Haggerty's comment is: "Things are calm and very matter-of-fact here on Formosa." ■ ■

without a bag of it in his pocket. "My mission kit," he explains. Later I learned that his brand of coca is so popular that high-school teachers and even the principal ask him for it every time they see him. I got my share too.

Padre Martin is hardly the shy, retiring type. Wherever he is, there is noise, and everyone is laughing. His own laugh is explosive and frequent; it carries for at least two blocks. It's infectious. You can't be glum when he's around.

I think Father Murphy knows subconsciously that he is God's loud-speaker. His way of making God better known is by kindness and joviality. The volume of his voice may be rather high, but doesn't the Bible say something about "shouting from the housetops?"

The crowning trait of Father Murphy's character is that he is untrammelled by self consciousness. If he read this he would laugh and think it the funniest statement he had seen in years. He wouldn't believe it.

Not long ago, the Society Superior of Maryknollers in South America, Father Edward L. Fedders was due for a visit. Father Martin said he hoped Father Fedders would come on Sunday so he could see all the school children who attend Mass. Five years ago Father Fedders was pastor here. "I'd like him to see the results of his work," Father Murphy said. "Attendance has grown from 100 to over 2,000."

I wonder if Father Marty thinks that he himself deserves much of the credit. I doubt it. That's the kind of a fellow he is. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL



Maryknoll Mission Needs in Guatemala

FOR SCHOOL CONSTRUCTION

50 bags of cement	\$1.90 a bag
36 dozen boards	\$6.50 a dozen
18 windows	\$10 each
10 doors	\$12 each
3 doors	\$25 each
50 desks (for pupils)	\$8 each
nails	\$48
3 blackboards	\$15 each
3 teachers' desks	\$3 each
10 maps	\$5 each
School books	\$75
writing tablets	\$25 (year's supply)
7 doctrine charts	\$3 each
basketball equipment	\$79

**Write:
Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**





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She makes believe the lion is real while waiting for the parade to start.

Make Believe

■ FROM out of the past comes a stately procession. Led by stenographers arrayed in all the finery of court ladies (left) the procession marches across the pages of this album to thrill you a little. The make-believe pageantry of a Japanese festival betrays Japan's extravagant love of the past. Spectators line the streets and live again, even if only for an hour, the days

when the knighthood of Japan was in flower.

Everyday life in Japan is as drab as a Monday morning. Families struggle to make ends meet. Working hours are long and hard; wages look ridiculously inadequate when compared to the high prices in the stores. Who can chide the Japanese for wanting to escape from that for a brief bit of make believe? ■ ■

A YOU-ARE-THERE STORY BY ANTHONY J. KARLOVECIOUS, M.M.



**Both costume and make-up hold
a mirror to Japan's feudal ages.**

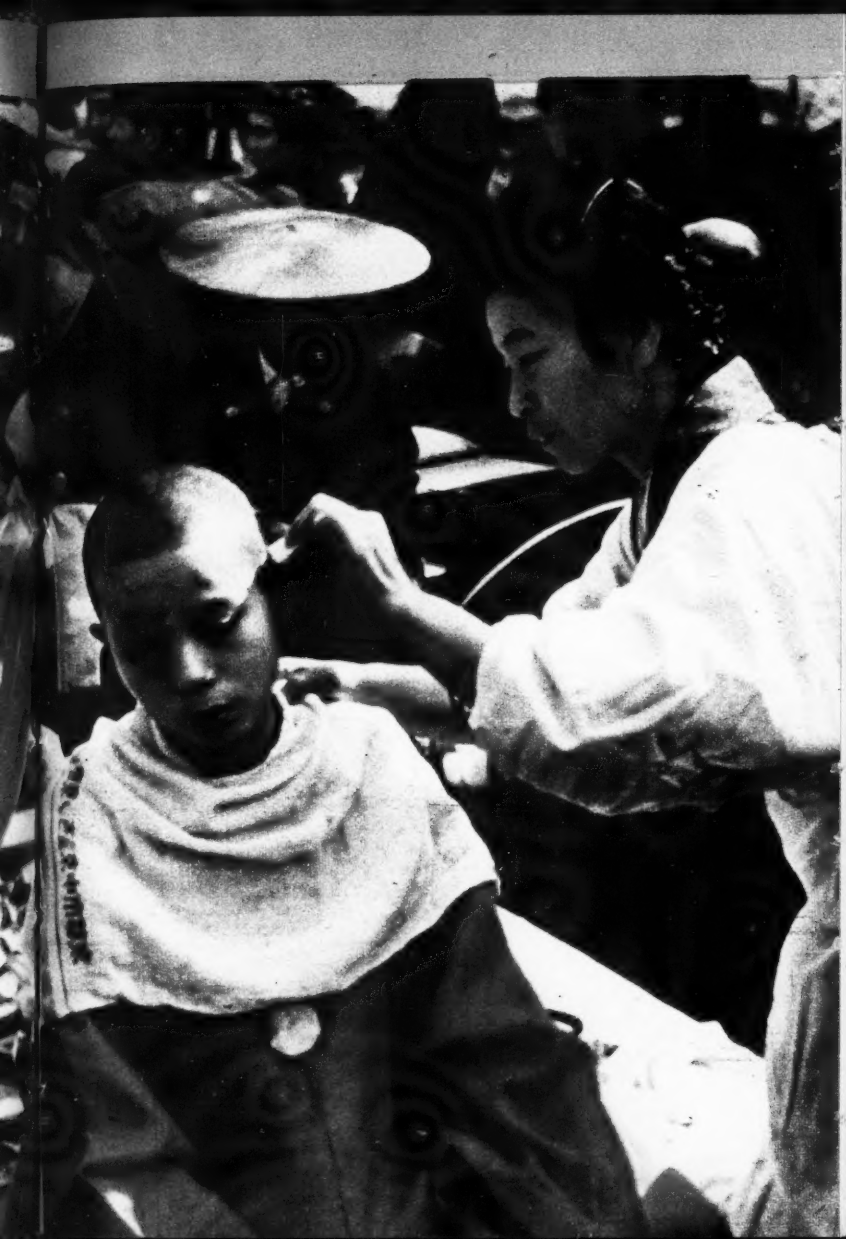


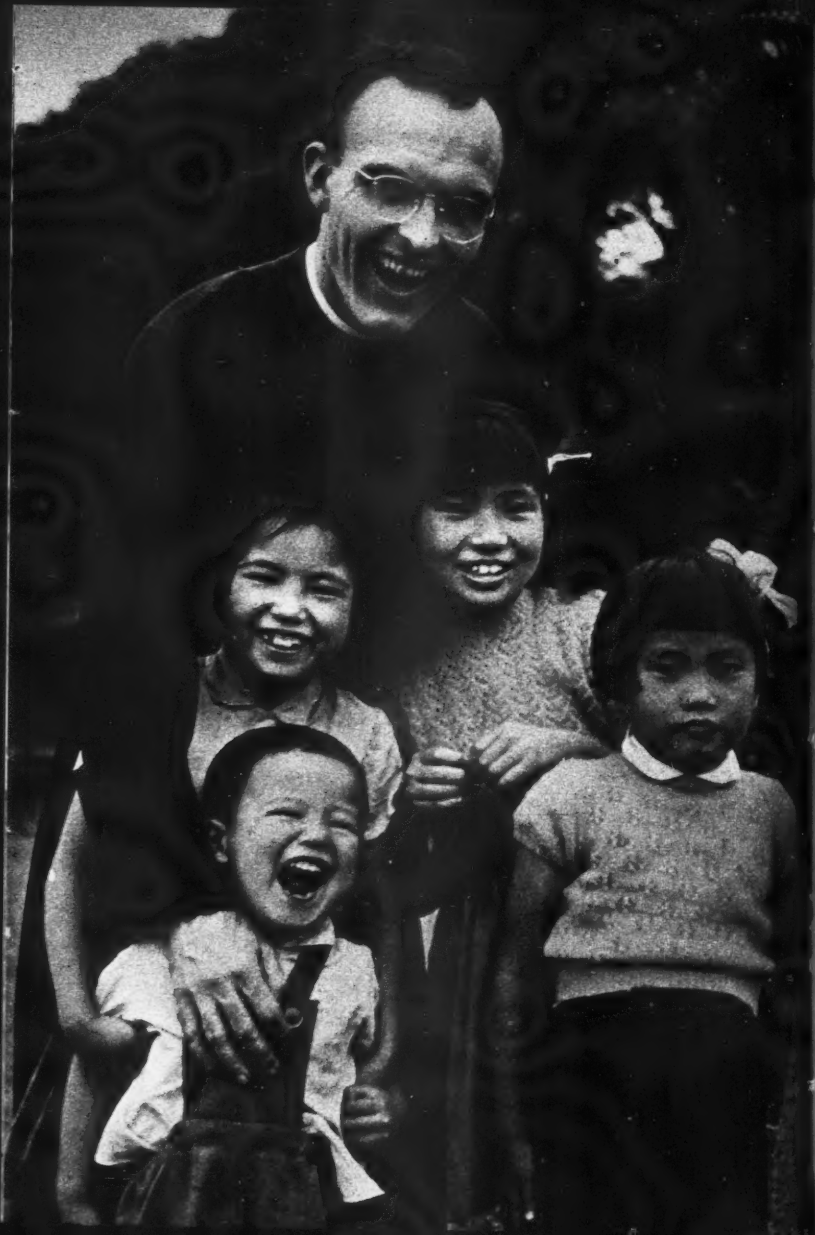
**Enjoy a behind-the-scenes peek
as a young marcher is readied.**



**In everyday life he's a farmer;
in the pageant he's a somebody.**









Youngsters (left) got Brooklyn's Father Francis Diffley to help them enjoy the parade. Above: Streets are cleared of 20th-century traffic to make way for once-upon-a-time heroics of nobles going to war.

Here's a mystery story with a practical

twist, by the hard-hitting

Executive Director of the

National Council of Catholic Men.

WHO TIED HIS HANDS?

BY MARTIN H. WORK

■ I HAVE a mystery story for you. It begins like this:

One dark night, more than six years ago, a figure was kneeling over a dying man, in the flickering light of a campfire on the forested frontier of a wartorn country, deep in an Eastern land where the white man is an enemy and a stranger. Suddenly a rifle was shoved into the back of the bending figure. He jumped to his feet and saw that he was surrounded by sneering, half-uniformed, armed guerrillas. They tied his hands behind his back, and while the dying man died, they marched this figure down the trail through the trees and thick undergrowth, leaving behind silence, ashes, and death.

Weeks went by — years. Then in the midst of the hundreds of thousands of words filed by the foreign-

news correspondents of the worldwide press service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, there appeared this brief dispatch from Paris, dated September 15: "Father Joseph Grall, a member of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, has been officially declared lost. Last accounts reported that, shortly after his arrival in Vietnam in January, 1949, he was seen being led into the jungle by the Communists, with his hands tied behind his back."

This is the story. And the mystery is not, what happened to Father Grall. For we can well imagine what happened to this priest of God — knowing as we do what has happened to those thousands of heroic missionary priests who were marched off in the night with their hands tied behind their backs.

The real mystery is: Who tied

his hands? Was it the Communists? To be sure, they were the instruments. But who made these men Communists? Who made it possible that, in this twentieth century of enlightenment and progress, a man of God was not free to even whisper the Gospel of Jesus Christ or to minister the last anointing to a dying man?

Where is the answer to this essential mystery — to this fundamental question? Why, after twenty centuries of missionary work, have nearly two billion people never even heard of Christ? For nineteen centuries we Catholics — and we alone — had the objective of winning the world, to Christ. This was our unchallenged goal. Then suddenly out of Eastern Europe there arose a competitor with the unholy purpose of wiping the memory of Christ from the entire earth.

We Catholics claim a membership of over 400 million — a tremendous figure. Yet out of this membership, we are able to find only 25,000 men, a relative corporal's guard, willing to make the sacrifice of dedicating their lives to the spreading of Christ's eternal truths in mission lands. This, too, is an essential mystery.

We Catholics are proud of our missionary works. Yet statistics tell us that there are around ten million births each year; conversions to the Catholic Church are less than one million. Subtract from this the losses that we know are ours through war, death, back-sliding and leakage — and we are faced with the mysterious fact that statistically we are losing ground.

We Catholics are proud of our universality. Yet geographically we are on the retreat. We have lost China, half of Korea, half of Vietnam, parts of Indochina. Despite hundreds of years in South America, it still remains in great part a mission country, and Catholic life struggles for survival. The story of Catholic life in many parts of Europe reads like a modern tragedy more than an heroic romance. We have hardly touched the Moslem-Hindu-and-Buddhist heart of the Middle and Far East — which represents over half of the population of the world.

Answer me this, if you can, or if you will:

Why, despite the divine origin of our Faith — why, despite the forceful command of Christ to go and teach all nations — why, despite the miraculous growth of the Church, in the first three centuries of its existence, to all of the then-known world — have we so little, so pitifully little, to show for our efforts?

This is the mystery — and to me it's all bound up in the mystery of who tied the hands of Father Grall, that night in January, more than six years ago. I think that we Catholic laymen tied his hands, just as surely as those Communist soldiers in the jungle.

We did this by failing through the centuries to love God — to love Christ and His Church. For if we had loved enough, all of us would have gone out and told the world of our love, so that they might love, too. We would have all been missionaries and the world would be Catholic.

We and the world, and Christ, have paid a heavy price for this failure. A cost too high to reckon. Instead of a Catholic world, working out its salvation under the guidance of Holy Mother Church in days of peace, we have a divided world, a confused, disillusioned world, a pagan world—lost without leadership and constantly at war.

We have tied mission hands by our failure to understand the full implications of the teachings of Christ. We helped create, or at least we tolerated, the economic and social conditions that gave rise to that breed of godless men who came out of the Vietnam jungle that January night.

We have not lived our Faith; we laymen have not been the "royal priesthood" that Saint Peter called upon us to be. As a result of our apathy, the Church and its missions are on retreat in over half the world.

We have tied mission hands by our failure to develop among ourselves the priceless sense of vocations. We have held back ourselves and our children, and have not generously shared them with the Church as we should have. Four hundred million Catholics—twenty-five thousand foreign missionary priests. What a pitiful story! Is this the kind of Catholicity that Christ lived and died for? Is this all that the Church He created means to us? Is this the depth and height and breadth of our belief in His death on the cross for all men?

Yes, I truly believe that we tied the hands of Father Grall by our failure to give vocations to the mis-

sion priesthood. We tied his hands in other ways, too.

We sent him out into an ignorant and hostile world to conquer it for Christ. Yet, with our "mite box" concept of support, we have not given him the basic arms with which to fight the only battle worth winning. These soldiers of Christ cannot fight the enemy and win the world for the Church, with empty hands. They turn to the laity for their arms and ammunition, for altars and altar cloths, for food and medicine and clothing, for books and schools. We give them a pittance and make them beg for what they get.

Missionaries literally give their lives for Christ and the Church—and we lay people toss them pennies. How many souls have never known Christ because of our selfishness? How many missionary priests have faced days, nights and years of discouragement and frustration because they could not feed the hungry and clothe the poor in Christ's name? How many native vocations have been lost in mission countries, for want of a seminary to train them? Yes, there are many ways to tie a missionary's hands; and our failure to give the missionaries adequate financial support is surely one of those ways.

The Communists came out of the jungle of Vietnam and tied the hands of Father Grall because, on a world basis, we Catholics have lost the spiritual initiative to communism. Many reasons have been given for their success; two things about their techniques are clear:

1. They hammer home the point

with fanatic frequency, that there is a world to be won — and that anything else is incidental.

2. They stress the good of disciplined sacrifice, of sacrifice of home, family, wealth, position, reputation, material advantages — a type of sacrifice that has not been seen in the world on such a scale since the time of the early Christians.

These subversive forces are doing for the wrong reason what we should be doing for the right one. They have given the lie forever to the idea that it is impossible to reach every creature — for the subversive elements have done just that. They have gone up and down China, all through India, through Europe, through our own country, selling their world goal. We Catholics have abdicated the leadership in this battle to others. We have forgotten that "Catholic" means personal, local, and global.

Christ spoke in terms both local and global: "You shall be witnesses for me in Jerusalem and at the ends of the earth."

It is still possible for us to win the world for Christ, but we must first have the will to win. We won World War II because our fighting men overseas had behind them a nation with a determined will to win. We lost the war in Korea, and thirty-five thousand of our young men, because here at home there was not the will to win.

If our missionaries were backed up by an alert, courageous, dedicated laity with an indomitable will to win, we could literally change the world. Out of a divinely

inspired will to win, will come generous support of our missionaries; from our homes will come priests, Brothers, and Sisters dedicated to the sublime ideal of being a "witness to Christ in Jerusalem and at the ends of the earth."

A will to win can give to the Church apostolic laymen who have the courage to surrender their hope for material success, for a few years or for life, to serve as professional helpers to our missionary priests — to serve as doctors, nurses, teachers, and technicians in foreign missions. Out of a strong will to win, must flow endless prayers and sacrifices offered to Almighty God on behalf of those in His army who are fighting on the front lines in this battle for the world.

In the name of Christ, may we lay people develop this will to win before it is too late! May we courageously answer the incessant, rolling, drum call of our Holy Father and the bishops, calling on us to bring this twentieth-century retreat, on the mission fronts of the world, to a halt. Let us regroup and reorganize and resupply our forces, and strike out again to roll back the enemy and plant the flag of Christ and His Church in the four corners of the world!

Let us pledge to the countless priests, Sisters, and Brothers, who in this century have laid down their lives on foreign missionary soil, that we will never again lose our will to win the world to God; never tie the hands of a missionary behind his back by our apathy. ■ ■

(From an address to I.H.M. Mission Guild, Washington, D. C.)

MEDITATION IN EXILE

BY EDWARD J. MOFFETT

■ IN THE crowded alleys of Tokyo, on the frozen wastes of Greenland, in the steaming jungles of Bolivia, in the farming villages of Formosa, you will find them.

In every corner of every free land, where the poor have no hope, where the sick are helpless, where the holy names of Jesus and Mary have never been whispered, you will see them at work.

They are the thousands of exiled missionaries — over 5,000 of them driven out of China since 1950 — Brothers, Sisters and priests deported from the land of their adoption and separated from the people of their hearts.

Exiles all, in new work in other lands among different people, but in agony for their suffering people back "home."

In every city, village, and market place where the red flag of communism was raised, from the Great Wall in the north to the banana groves in the south, the story was the same. Arrest. Prison. Trial. Death, jail, or deportation. Flocks without shepherds. Sheep devoured by wolves.

The heart of the apostle who has given his strength, his dreams, his whole life to the Chinese people breaks as memories of prostrate China crowd in upon him.

Memories! Of barefoot women chanting the Hail Mary in the beautiful lilt of their own dialect. Of running, shouting children on their way to Mass at dawn. Of old men laboriously memorizing the penny catechism. The marriage feasts. The funerals. The floods. The famines. The years of rich harvest. All the joys and sorrows mixed up in the lives of simple people who came to call a priest from Naples, or Dublin, or Jersey City their "spiritual father."

Then the memories of the sad days after the Communist armies spread over the whole land. The beatings and searchings. The fear and terror. The hiding and the fleeing. The imprisonments and the executions. The blood and the agony.

Like the father of a stricken child prevented from entering the sick room, so does an exiled missionary wait in grief, yet in hope, for some change.

The exile, now in some new front line, throws himself into a new fight for souls. Yet he lives for the day that will surely dawn, when his adopted country and adopted people will once more be free. The day when his exile will be over. The day when he will at last go "home."

■ ■

MARYKNOLL



Lulu Makes a Comeback

**She had known many nights
of sleepless, howling terror.**

BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.

■ LULU THE WITCH was here for Holy Week. Lulu is an African woman; throughout her long life she had been plagued by the Evil Spirit and had known little besides suffering, worry and hysteria. In her younger days, she often found herself without warning suddenly carried up and thrown on the roof of her house. There she would re-

main for days, unable to move, unable to sleep or eat. For long stretches she spent her nights howling with terror.

Lulu's daughter, now married, became a Catholic. She persuaded her mother to come to the mission. During her first interview with the Padri, Lulu gibbered away in Kilatru, a language she had never studied. The Baratru are nomads living on the edge of the plain; some were in the Gula parish at one time, many years ago — they lived near Sayusayu. But Lulu since her childhood had lived only with people who spoke Kisukuma.

The Padri took Lulu into church,

led her up to the sanctuary, to the foot of the altar. There he told her about Our Father in heaven, what He had done for her, the heaven He has ready for her. He told her about Our Lord, how He died on the cross for her, how He is there in the tabernacle, about Our Blessed Lady who was going to wrap her mantle about Lulu and keep her safe. He told her to come back again.

Lulu came back on Palm Sunday, as the Padri was at the altar in the midst of blessing the palms. Lulu had taken his command literally. In no way dismayed by the crowded church, she walked up the center aisle, into the sanctuary, to the altar steps.

The congregation watched her goggle-eyed; here was something new; never before had anyone entertained them in this manner. Chief William and his wife, Thecla, rushed up to the sanctuary to lead her away, telling her that it was no place for her at that time.

Lulu protested with vigor and denounced them in Kilatru. They half pulled and half carried her to the back of the church.

Lulu is happy now. No longer does the Devil kick her about like a rag doll. She is enjoying her first peace in 40-odd years. At last she knows real joy. Her heaven-given sense of humor, long suppressed by the Evil One, is bubbling to the surface.

"They thought I was cuckoo," she said to the Padri later. "They thought I was cuckoo when they saw me going up there to the altar alone. They didn't know that you had told me to come back. They

thought I was the same old nutty Lulu. But the joke is on them! I told them that I was supposed to be there.

"It wasn't my fault if I spoke Kilatru and they couldn't understand me. I asked them why all the fuss and feathers about me simply because I was doing what the Father had told me to do. What was the why, the wherefore, the supporting circumstances which they thought justified them in giving me the bum's rush? It's so good to be here! I'm God's long-lost child."

THE NEW FIRE, which was blessed during the Easter Vigil service on Saturday night, is an important thing for these people. Africans have a special interest in the fire which is kindled in a big iron basin at the church door. After the blessing there was a free-for-all scramble for the glowing embers; the people carry them back home, some of them walking for miles. Anyone who was not quick enough to get an ember for himself, took a light from a more-fortunate neighbor.

Germana came to Sayusayu for Holy Week and Easter. She lives eight miles away; the walk to church took her two days. For years she had been bed-ridden with paralysis of the legs. Lately she has been able to stand, and even do a little work in the fields. With painfully slow steps, she started out on Wednesday, spent the night with friends at Nyalikungu, and arrived at the mission on Holy Thursday. She remained until after the Easter morning Mass, and then got a ride home in the Maryknoll Ford.

Holy Week also brought the birds to Sayusayu. Word passed quickly around the bird world that the miller was small, green and soft — just right for little beaks. The birds know too that April showers bring new generations of flies, fleas, skeeters and lake gnats.

Brown-winged bluebirds; yellow-throated partridges; snipe; green pigeons with iridescent wings; weaver birds; francolins; yellow sparrows and green canaries; sand grouse; spur fowls; all birds but the yellow-bellied sap-sucker abound in our trees and worry the farmers. The Padris permit one member of each family to remain at home on Sunday morning, to shoo marauders from the new crops.

I asked a little boy if he was at home minding the cows, he replied, "No. My job was strictly for the birds."

An airplane flew over Sayusayu on April 14. It was the first plane over these parts in many months. Natives of Jackson Heights and Astoria would love Sayusayu where airplanes are rare. Priests of Our Lady of Fatima parish, just outside

the La Guardia runways, must do their preaching in 60-second bursts, between noisy take-offs.

Maybe the Chief in the Land of Sweet Potatoes put through an ordinance forbidding the landing or taking off of planes, as did the Mayor of Chateau-neuf-du-Pape, France. The wise Mayor of Chateau-neuf-du-Pape issued a decree: "The flights, landings and take-offs of airships called 'flying saucers' and 'flying cigars' of any nationality are forbidden."

Whether or not the Basukuma kids should be taught how to build an igloo, was a topic we discussed one day at dinner. The pastor visited the third grade and found the teacher showing pupils how Eskimos build their huts with big ice cubes. Most of the children had never seen ice before that.

"These kiddoes live on the equator, and when will they ever use that knowledge?" someone complained.

"But they must learn how the rest of the world lives," explained the teacher. "After all, we're just one big family." ■ ■



LOST?

I WAS caught in a downpour as I was climbing a mountain on my way back to my mission in Cuilco, Guatemala. In the dense fog that covered the mountain I took a turn in the trail that led down the wrong side of the mountain. Suddenly a boy appeared in the bushes alongside the trail. He told me his brother, Basilio Rami, was dying. I recognized the name. Over Basilio's bed hung a holy card of the Sacred Heart. I had given it to him for making the Nine First Fridays. For seven of those Fridays he had walked three hours to church. Now he was dying and only because I got lost was Basilio receiving the Last Rites.

— Edward J. McGuinness, M. M.



Night Riders on Formosa

They leaped the chasm from
headhunting to rosary recital.

BY ROBERT F. LACY, M.M.

■ FATHER O'Brien and I sat together in the back seat of our chartered bus, trying to brace ourselves against the bumps and turns. It was getting on toward ten o'clock at night; we were returning with a busload of parishioners to our mountain mission of Tahu (Big Lake).

It had been a strenuous evening. Father Madigan, pastor of our central mission on Formosa, had put on a celebration in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. Catholics and catechumens from surrounding missions, including ours, had come in trucks and busses to help him.

There had been a candle-light procession from the church to the public school grounds. On the way the people recited the rosary and sang hymns to the Blessed Mother. There had been a sermon by Father Ts'ai, one of the many fine Chinese

priests now working on Formosa. There had been Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which our Catholics demonstrated their faith by kneeling in the dust to receive the blessing of Christ. And finally, there had been a procession back to the church.

We were quite sure that everyone on the bus was tired. It had been five hours since our group had left Big Lake. We figured that the fatigue reaction was about to set in, and that the forty-five-minute ride home would be a quiet one.

How wrong could we be? The bus had barely left the outskirts of town and started over the dark road, when someone began to sing. In a moment, every one of the 70 voices in the overcrowded bus joined in the strains of the Lourdes Hymn. The Chinese words echoed through the night, followed by sounds that must have startled the sleepy Formosan countryside; the chorus was sung in Latin.

When the hymns were finished,

these people who should have been too tired to do anything but fall asleep, recited a decade of the rosary. Still their enthusiasm was not spent. They drifted very easily from the rosary into the litany of the Blessed Mother.

More than half the people on the bus are not yet baptized; they are still studying the doctrine. Of the rest, no one has been a Catholic for more than two years; there was no Catholic church at Big Lake two years ago and there were no Catholics. Our passengers were members of three groups that, naturally speaking, should have been pretty divergent. Some were aborigines, descendants of the original inhabitants, who now live in the mountains. A few short years ago, some of them were headhunters. Other passengers were descendants of the Chinese who came hundreds of years ago to settle on the plains of this island. Still others were Chinese,

recently driven from the mainland by the onslaught of communism. Even the languages of the three groups are not the same. Yet there they were in the seats ahead of us,

singing and praying together.

This was no ordinary bus. To the late walker-on-the

road who had to leap out of its way, it may have looked like any other bus. But to the two priests in the back seat, it was a rattling good proof of the unity of the Church; it was a gas-driven, dust-raising tribute to the Holy Mother of us all.

I, as a rookie curate, may have been more impressed than the veteran pastor, Father O'Brien. But we both agreed, when we were able to talk above the assorted noises, that we were glad to be aboard.

The responses of the litany rang through the crisp air as our bus labored up the hill and stopped with a sigh of relief at the gate of our Tahu mission. ■ ■

EVERY CHRISTIAN
mother and father, must pray to God to make them worthy to have at least one of their children called to His service.

Pope Pius XII

INDY ANN'S MESSED-UP PHOTO

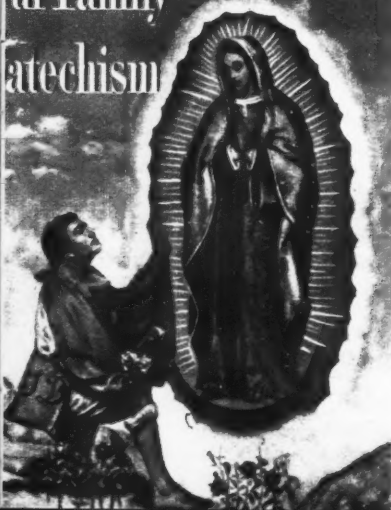


CARTOON RELIGION

Here is a challenging
answer to a problem
that plagues the Church.

BY BERNARD F. MEYER, M.M.

Our Family
Catechism



■ I FEEL sorry for the people of Latin America. More than ninety-five per cent of them are Catholics; yet less than ten per cent of them know even the A B C's of their religion.

Isms thrive in this kind of vacuum. Materialism is weaning the people of Latin America away from the Church. This is especially true of educated people; control of education has passed into the grasp of a powerful clique that is dedicated to killing spiritual and religious ideals.

Communism knows an opportunity when it sees one. The Reds are winning friends among the workers and influencing students all over Latin America.

Also fighting on the enemy's side is time. Latin America has one of the fastest-growing populations in the world. Today Latin America has a population of 150 million. In less than 32 years it will be 300 million. Don't let these statistics put your mind to sleep. Those figures mean that twice as many people will go through life without religion.

How can the Catholics of Latin America learn about their Faith if there aren't enough priests to teach them? Latin America has appallingly few priests. Rectory after rectory becomes empty and stays empty.

MARYKNOLL



Each surviving priest has the impossible job of trying to teach Christ to about 30,000 people.

Obviously, every effort must be made to increase the number of priests, but vocations are few and far between. Lack of religious instructions has smothered Catholic family life. Parents who don't know the Faith cannot teach it to their children. The place to attack this vicious circle is in the home. Adults as well as children need to be instructed, in order to improve family life to a point where it will start producing vocations.

One Maryknoll parish in Latin America is a good illustration of my point. That parish has 50,000 people, scattered over an area of 600 square miles. Such a parish should have hundreds of people teaching catechism. Some method of instruction is needed which can be used by the people themselves.

The last sentence was an idea I could get my teeth into. That idea goaded me into publishing *Our Family Catechism*. Its cartoons bring the Bible within the reach of ordinary people in Latin America. It is published in English and Spanish editions.

Both priests and lay apostles to whom I talked, are enthusiastic about what a picture catechism can do for Latin America. Anyone who

TEN MILLION CATECHISMS

Yes, that's how many we would like to print. For \$10 we can provide a copy apiece for 100 families; \$90 will take care of 1,000 families. How many families will you help us reach?

can read a little can use it to instruct others; even persons who cannot read could easily be shown how to explain the pictures to others. With this in mind, I made the contents simple and natural in approach, shying away from the dry and abstract.

This picture catechism brings religious instruction back into focus for ordinary parents in Latin America. Religious teaching of this sort leans heavily on the story-telling genius of the Bible. It pictures the story of God's revealing Himself to men, especially in the life of Christ; and the response that men should make — in prayer and in love of neighbor. One picture is worth a thousand words.

To instruct Latin America in the Faith we must depend primarily on the family. My aim is to put a copy of this catechism in every home in the area. It is a big order — but with the help of friends I will be able to do it.

School Supplies

NOTEBOOKS AND PENCILS

for the youngsters in a school in Guatemala, can be provided for \$5.

THIRTY DESKS AND CHAIRS

are needed in a primary school in Riberalta, Bolivia. Total cost, \$300. One desk, \$5.

The thirst for knowledge equals the thirst for cool, clear drinking water, in a school in Yucatan. To get the water they need a pump. Cost, \$125.

Medical

A gift of \$50 will help treat many patients in a small dispensary in Musoma, Africa. Ailing Africans soon become healthy Christians!

TO PROVIDE MEDICINES

and carry on dispensary work in the Bolivian mountain missions, \$75 is urgently needed. Can they count on your gift?

Charity

THE POOR AND HOMELESS IN TAICHUNG, FORMOSA, LOOK TO THE MISSIONER FOR FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER. NEEDED IS \$4,000 TO CARE FOR THEM. WILL YOU SEND \$5 OR \$10?

Altar Use

CANDLES AND ALTAR WINE,

for an entire year, in Kyoto, Japan, cost only \$50. An additional \$30 will furnish vestments needed there, too.

A PARISH IN GUATEMALA IS IN NEED OF MASS CRUETS, ALTAR MISSALS, CANDLESTICKS, A COMMUNION PLATE, A COPE AND VEIL. TOTAL COST, \$232. ANY GIFT TOWARD THIS WILL BE WELCOME.

ALTAR CLOTHS,

needed for a chapel in the Andes missions of Bolivia, can be obtained for only \$40.

Lighting Equipment

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

A mission parish church and hall in Peru require \$400 for a generator, and \$200 for lighting fixtures.

A LIGHTING PLANT,

with a capacity of 1.5 kilowatts, is needed in the Andes missions of Bolivia; \$500 will turn darkness into daylight!

Real Estate

A MISSION CENTER

needs to be built in Taichung, Formosa. The land is available for \$3,000. May we purchase the land?

A \$25 gift will go a long way towards caring for widows who have taken refuge at a Christian relatives. Show them you care.

Transportation

To provide a missionary with dependable transportation for his duties in the outlying countryside of Taichung, Formosa, a jeep is needed; \$1,800 will buy it. A gift TOWARD it will help.

TWO MOTORCYCLES

will keep the missionaries in Guatemala on time in their errands of mercy, when they visit the sick and their mission stations. Total cost, \$400 each.

A TRACTOR

is needed to tow the chapel trailer, as well as haul a plow and run a sawmill in the Bolivian mountain missions. This handy vehicle will cost \$1,000. May we ask your help in getting it?

Religious Instruction

VISUAL EDUCATION

Catechetical charts are required in Kinu-gan, Japan. Cost, \$5 each. How many will you provide for?

RELIGIOUS SLIDE FILMS

will facilitate the teaching of the doctrine to the Maya Indians in Yucatan; \$10 will fill the needs.

CATECHISMS

cost only \$1 for one hundred. How many will you provide for the Indian children in Guatemala?

MEN AND WOMEN

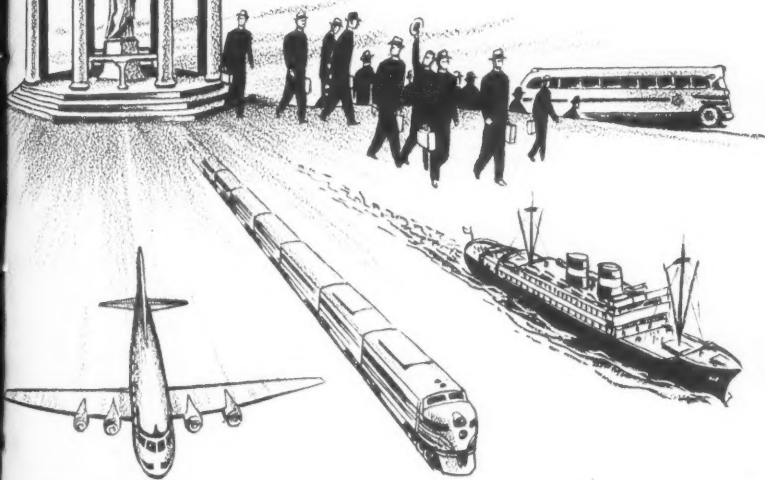
who serve as catechists in Taipei, Formosa, receive \$250 a year for teaching religion. Fourteen men and women are now engaged in this work. Can you help pay them?

IT COSTS ONLY \$5 A MONTH FOR BUSH-SCHOOL TEACHERS IN MUSOMA, AFRICA. FIFTEEN OF THESE WORTHY FOLKS ARE DOING SPLENDID WORK. YOUR HELP IS NEEDED TO RETAIN THEM.

Departure Day From Maryknoll



More than fifty priests and Brothers leave Maryknoll next month by plane, train, boat and bus for their mission posts overseas on four continents. Will you help us buy their tickets?



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

I enclose \$..... to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary. I wish him success! I understand that it costs \$500 to send each missionary to his post overseas.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

People are Interesting!

St. Columban,
Wanderer for Christ



1. When Columban proposed to be a missionary, friends said, "Scholars like you are needed at home!"



2. "My heart will never be at rest until I can cross the waters and become a wanderer for Christ."



3. St. Columban and twelve fellow missionaries carried the Faith into parts of France still pagan.



4. Happy settlements grew up near Columban's monastic centers of Christianity and civilization.



5. Barbarian chiefs were hostile to the intrepid missionary, and he fled to Germany, Switzerland, Italy.



6. At Bobbio, St. Columban ended his days in a rock cavern, begging Our Lady to help his dear flock.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

